

CHARIVARIA.

Two referees were attacked by crowds last week at Welsh football matches. The regrettable incidents were said to be due to a dearth of Suffragettes in the neighbourhood. * *

Stamps said to be worth over £250,000 were on view at the exhibition of the Junior Philatelic Society. It is, however, extremely difficult to estimate the value of stamps. At one time, for instance, it was asserted that certain fourpenny stamps of ours were worth ninepence, but this is proving to be a delusion. * *

An old lady, on examining one of our new penny postage stamps, remarked that she was not surprised to find that the lion which figured on the former issue had passed away as he had never looked very well. * *

A picture postcard posted at Bristol in 1905 was delivered at Kennington this week. It is supposed to have been released by an official who is breaking up his collection. * *

The Trans-Pyrenean Tunnel was pierced last week, and, when the French and Spanish workmen who had been working under Mount Somport found themselves face to face at Canfranc, they fell into one another's arms and kissed. According to the gruesome story which reaches us they did not even wait to wash. * *

At the dinner given by the City Corporation to their Austro-Hungarian guests it was mentioned that the visit of the Corporation to Prague had been commemorated by naming a thoroughfare "London Street." It is now proposed that by way of return compliment the name of our Jermyn Street might be changed to Austrian Street. * *

According to Professor FISHER, of Yale University, by the year 4,000 the average span of human life will be about 250 years. People will then, we imagine, be more nervous than ever of marrying. * *

We hear rumours of the formation of a Society of Humorous Artists. At last, apparently, the Post-Impressionists are realised to be dangerous rivals.

A Christmas number of "Printer's Pie" is going to be published in November under the title of "Winter's Pie." It will, we are sure, be a good plump pudding. * *

Several battles in the Balkans are reported to have lasted for more than eight hours. We understand that the matter is to be taken up by the local Labour Party. * *

We are surprised, by the by, that so little has been made of a single-handed

PROBLEMS OF THE WAR.

(By Our Military Expert.)

APART from any effect the war may have upon the peace of Europe and the sale of newspapers, the public, guided by expert opinion, will find it interesting to watch the influence of the fighting in the Balkans upon strategy and tactics.

Possibly the contention of certain theorists that the battles of the future must be fought at long range will be proved, but at the same time it must not be forgotten that distance is a relative term, a fact which is well illustrated by the popular saying, "So near and yet so far."

The use of aeroplanes will probably form a profoundly instructive feature of the operations. Quite possibly these machines may revolutionise warfare, but, on the other hand, it is equally possible that they may not. Undoubtedly their utility has been proved in peaceful manoeuvres, but we must bear in mind that these manoeuvres are not fought under war conditions. In the circumstances it would be foolish to dogmatise until we have more knowledge than at present.

The question of mechanical traction is also one on which considerable light should be thrown. In the case of motor-lorries there is, of course, the handicap that petrol or other fuel must be obtained before the engines will run. At the same time we must not lose sight of the counter-necessity for procuring food of some description for traction-horses.

Before peace is proclaimed the problems of the war will provide material for many other articles such as this.

Meanwhile the great fact to keep in mind at the present time is that war has actually commenced, and the writer may be pardoned for pointing out that as far back as 1908 he remarked in these columns, "Unless the disputes can be smoothed over, it is quite on the cards that trouble in the Balkans may eventually ensue."

From one issue of *The Manchester Guardian* :—

"Mr. John Dillon, M.P., has so far recovered that he will leave his room in a day or two. . . ."

"Mr. John Dillon has been able to take short carriage drives during the last day or two."

Few bedrooms permit of a long carriage drive, alas!



Visitor. "THE PIG NOT WELL! WHAT'S THE REASON?"

Pat. "WELL, YER HONOUR, 'TIS EITHER WHAT HE'S ATE OR 'TIS THE ULSTER QUESTION."

act of heroism reported by *The Express* in the following head-lines :—

CAPTURED HILL RE-TAKEN
By GUSTAVE SEON.

"Cowless milk," we read, "made in a machine in Germany is being tested in London." It has been found, we understand, not to contain a single cow of any sort. * *

A Chinese bank-note more than 500 years old has just come into the possession of the Sub-Treasury at New York. Its face value is said to be only about sixpence. After knocking about the world for such a long time it would indeed be a miracle if it had retained its good looks.

THE PARTING GUEST.

WHEN nice people ask me to their houses for the week-end I reply that I shall be delighted to come, but that pressure of work will prevent my staying beyond Tuesday. Sometimes, in spite of this, they try to kick me out on the Monday; and if I find that they are serious about it I may possibly consent to go by an evening train. In any case, it always seems to me a pity to have to leave a house just as you are beginning to know your way to the bathroom.

"Is the 9.25 too early for you?" said Charles on Sunday night *à propos* of nothing that I had said.

"Not if it's in the evening," I answered.

"It's in the morning."

"Then it's much too early. I never travel before breakfast. But why do you ask?"

"Well, I've got to ride over to Newtown to-morrow—"

"To-morrow?" I said in surprise.

"Aren't we talking about Tuesday?"

It appeared that we weren't. It also came out that Charles and his wife, not anticipating the pleasure of my company beyond Monday, had arranged to ride over the downs to Newtown to inspect a horse. They would not be back until the evening.

"But that's all right, Charles," I said. "If you have a spare horse, a steady one which doesn't wobble when it canters, I will ride with you."

"There's only the old pony," said Charles, "and he will be wanted to drive you to the station."

"Not until Tuesday," I pointed out.

Charles ignored this remark altogether.

"You couldn't ride Joseph, anyway," he said.

"Then I might run beside you, holding on to your stirrup. My ancestors always used to go into battle like that. We are still good runners."

Charles turned over some more pages of his time-table.

"There is a 10.41," he announced.

"Just when I shall be getting to like you," I sighed.

"Molly and I have to be off by ten. If you caught the 10.41, you would want to leave here by a quarter-past."

"I shouldn't want to leave," I said reproachfully; "I should go with the greatest regret."

"The 9.25, of course, gets you up to town much earlier."

"Some such idea, no doubt, would account for its starting before the 10.41. What have you at about 4.30?"

"If you don't mind changing at Plimton, there's a 10.5—"

I got up and lit my candle.

"Let's wait till to-morrow and see what the weather's like," I said sleepily.

"I am not a proud man, but after what you've said, and if it's at all wet, I may actually be glad to catch an early train." And I marched upstairs to bed.

However, a wonderful blue sky next morning made any talk of London utterly offensive. My host and hostess had finished breakfast by the time I got down, and I was just beginning my own when the sound of the horses on the gravel brought me out.

"I'm sorry we've got to dash off like this," said Mrs. Charles, smiling at me from the back of Pompey. "Don't you be in any hurry to go. There are plenty of trains."

"Thank you. It would be a shame to leave the country on a morning like this, wouldn't it? I shall take a stroll over the hills before lunch, and sit about in the garden in the afternoon. There's a train at five, I think."

"We shan't be back by then, I'm afraid, so this will be good-bye."

I made my farewells, and Pompey, who was rather fresh, went off sideways down the drive. This left me alone with Charles.

"Good-bye, Charles," I said, patting him with one hand and his horse with the other. "Don't you bother about me. I shall be quite happy by myself."

He looked at me with a curious smile and was apparently about to say something, when Cæsar suddenly caught sight of my stockings. These, though in reality perfectly tasteful, might well come as a surprise to a young horse, and Cæsar bolted down the drive to tell Pompey about it. I waved to them all from the distance and returned to my breakfast.

After breakfast I lit a pipe and strolled outside. As I stood at the door drinking in the beauty of the morning I was the victim of a curious illusion. It seemed to me that outside the front door was the pony-cart—Joseph in the shafts, the gardener's boy holding the reins, and by the side of the boy my bag!

"We'll only just have time, Sir," said the boy.

"But—but I'm going by the five train," I stammered.

"Well, Sir, I shall be over at Newtown this afternoon—with the cart."

I did not like to ask him why, but I thought I knew. It was, I told myself sarcastically, to fetch back the horse which Charles was going over to inspect, the horse to which I had to give up my room that night.

"Very well," I said. "Take the bag now and leave it in the cloak-room. I'll walk in later." What the etiquette

was when your host gave you a hint by sending your bag to the station and going away himself, I did not know. But however many bags he packed and however many horses he inspected, I was not to be moved till the five o'clock train.

Half-an-hour after my bag was gone I made a discovery. It was that, when I started walking to the five o'clock train, I should have to start in pumps. . . .

"My dear Charles," I wrote that night, "it was delightful to see you this week-end, and I only wish I could have stayed with you longer, but, as you know, I had to dash up to town by the five train to inspect a mule. I am sorry to say that a slight accident happened just before I left you. In the general way, when I catch an afternoon train, I like to pack my bag overnight, but on this occasion I did not begin until nine in the morning. This only left me eight hours, and the result was that in my hurry I packed my shoes by mistake, and had to borrow a pair of yours in which to walk to the station. *I will bring them down with me next time I come.*"

I may say that they are unusually good shoes, and if Charles doesn't want me he must at least want them. So I am expecting another invitation by every post. When it arrives I shall reply that I shall be delighted to come, but that, alas! pressure of work will prevent my staying beyond Tuesday. A. A. M.

At a recent conflagration at Cardiff the fire-engine went on fire: The firemen, however, rescued each other with great heroism, and the blazing engine was at last got under. When are we going to get that Non-Inflammable Fire-Engine Act passed?

"It may be that about the time that Shelley's New Zealander comes to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's the Patagonian investigator will go to Australia."—*Daily News*.

The Patagonian investigator had much better come to London and witness the historic meeting between MACAULAY'S New Zealander and SHELLEY'S.

"They resolved that six stations ought to be built and ought to be built and ought to be built as soon as possible."

Manchester Guardian.

Personally we prefer to leave out "as soon as possible," and sing it to the tune of "Nuts and May."

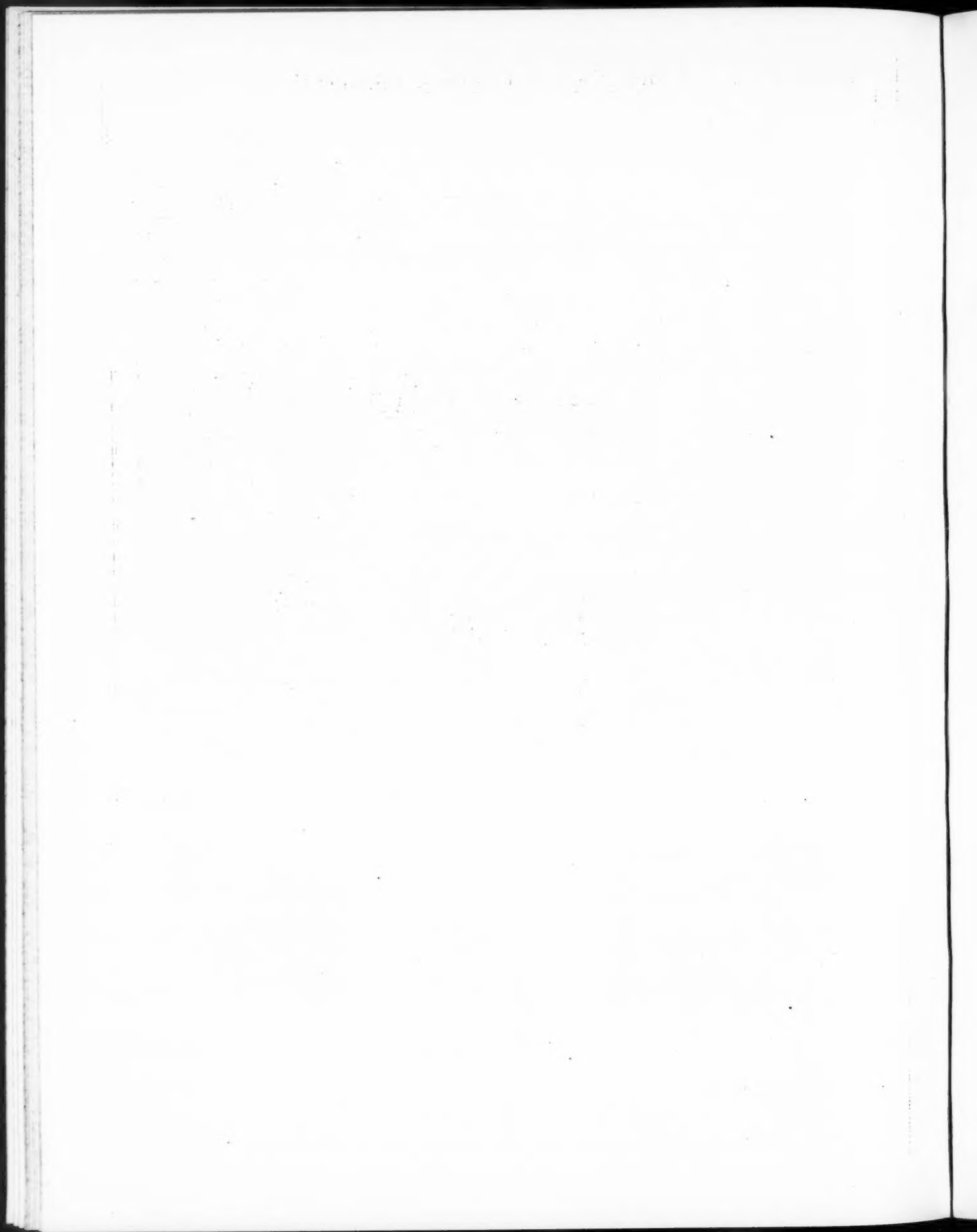
"SISTER AVIS, brown mare, 7 years, a good hunter and very fast, up to 13 stone, has carried Mrs. — hunting, but she finds her too big."—*Advt. in "Field."*

Sister Avis might have put this more delicately.



THE LOOKER-ON.

LA TRICOTEUSE (MR. JOHN REDMOND). "ÇA MARCHE, BEGORRA!"





Mamma. "DEAR, DEAR! HAVE I COME HOME TO A NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL?"

Nurse. "REALLY, MADAM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MISS MABEL. SHE'S BEEN VERY TROUBLESOME ALL THE AFTER-NOON, AND NOW SHE SAYS IF SHE CAN'T HAVE CAKE BEFORE HER BREAD-AND-BUTTER SHE 'LL GO ON HUNGER-STRIKE!"

THE VANISHED HAND.

WHEN'EER I look upon that little shelf
That stands inside the bathroom near the door,
Bernard, I simply cannot stop myself;
I weep; there rises up from memory's store
The image of a face, a soft, sweet elf
Who comes no more.

'Tis not the value only of our works
That makes them dear, but love and labour long;
People who did not know the attendant circe
Might simply say, "That shelf is far from
strong;"

People who never saw young Albert Perk;
Might judge him wrong;

Might deem him careless, looking at the fruits
And not the faith; but we who hailed his ring,
Who spread brown paper for his fairy boots,
As one might spread a carpet for a king,
Who heard him give *Jemima* chaste salutes,
We love that thing.

We know that never yet in Gothic fane
O'er window's tracery or arch's span
Was spent such fever. Time and time again
He started on the job and changed his plan,
Still mindful all his motives to explain
To *Martha Ann*.

He said the wall was rotten; he could dwell
Much upon walls, and why such walls were built;
Strange anecdotes of joining he would tell,
And air his views on politics and tilt
Lightly at *Asquith*, or expound quite we'll
LLOYD GEORGE'S guilt.

He grew a kind of guest within the flat,
A dear familiar presence; it was rum
To think we never more should see his hat
(When at long last he left) nor hear his hum,
And now—what alien plaster does he pat?
What woodwork thumb?

I know not, but I know he is not here;
There is a silence and the house is still;
And when I see that shelf I shed a tear,
For, *Bernard*, though the job was done so ill
The hours that *Albert* spent with us were dear;
There is his bill. EVOE.

"STEAMER COLLIDES IN FOG.

The steamer *Gaea*, of *Christiania*, put into dock at *Dover* to-day with her bows damaged as the result of a collision with an unknown

FOOTBALL AT WOOLWICH AND FULHAM."

Pall Mall Gazette.

The skipper's pluck, after his first collision, in pursuing the offending football right up the fog-bound river is no less remarkable than his bad luck in running into it again at *Fulham*.

THE PEARL AND THE SWINE.

I LEANT on the counter, prepared for a chat. The gold-and-silversmith on the other side of it was an old friend of mine and had just taken a lot of money off me, so I felt entitled to waste a little of his time.

"What I want to know," said I, "is, why shouldn't I have pocketed an odd diamond or two when you weren't looking just now?"

"If you would put your question in another form, Sir," he said, smiling, "it would be less awkward to answer. If you mean, why wasn't I looking just now, my reply is that we trust our customers."

I took off my hat to him. "And now," I continued, "seeing that you have known me since I was a boy and I have bought all my engagement rings off you, drop the humbug and tell me the plain truth."

"We trust our customers, Sir," he repeated.

"Come! Honest Injun?"

"Honest Indian, Sir. I confess that we have been swindled . . ."

"There!" I cried triumphantly.

" . . . but more especially by the customers we did not trust, and most especially by Mr. Van Brillen, whom we mistrusted with a pertinacity as meticulous as it was vain."

Your better-class goldsmith does his business in leaps and bounds during the impulsive moments of the plutocracy. But even plutocrats have lucid intervals, and the goldsmith his times, accordingly, when nothing is doing. This was one of them.

"Tell me all about it," said I.

"We don't often deal in pearls," said he, "but once we did have a black one whose shape was said to be unique. The mere fact that Mr. Van Brillen, upon his first appearance in the shop, expressed his determination to have it, put me on my guard from the start."

"He asked to see some silver tooth-picks, and made off with the pearl when your back was turned?" I suggested.

"No, Sir. The pearl was in a patent case, fitted with patent locks and clamped to the counter. Besides, my back was not turned. No, he asked

the price and agreed to pay £800, after a haggle."

"And you let him take it without getting his money first?"

"No, Sir. He sat down and wrote a cheque then and there."

"Why, of course! The cheque was . . ."

"Again, no. I retained the pearl till the cheque was cleared and cashed beyond a doubt."

"Then," said I, "I don't see where the dodge was, unless the Bank was in league with him and gave you bad money for your cheque."

The white-haired goldsmith laughed. "A week later he came in and said he wanted another just like it."

"And this time you did trust him?"

fire, I wrote and informed Mr. Van Brillen that I had it and would be glad if he would give me a call."

"Well?" said I.

"Mr. Van Brillen wrote that mine of the 5th inst. was to hand and, while he thanked me for it, he regretted that he could not see his way to buy. His wife had changed her mind and no longer required a pair of pearls. Indeed ('and you know what women are,' he repeated) she had ceased to require even one pearl, so that he had been compelled to part with the one he had already purchased off me. He had therefore instructed his agent, a man in whom experience had led him to place implicit confidence, to sell it for what he could get. 'And thereby,' concluded Mr. Van

Brillen, 'hangs a tale.

For that agent of mine, perhaps adventitiously, perhaps 'from information received,' got in touch with another agent who, oddly enough, was on the look out for just such an article. That agent, a man (if I am not mistaken) in whom experience has led you to place implicit confidence, declared that the pearl was not worth a penny more than £600. On being told of that I confess that I was a little hurt, but all my old feelings of affection for you were restored when your agent yielded to the persuasion of my agent and consented, in the extremity of his longing for it, to give

£1,000. . . . And so, if we never meet again, at least we part as friends, for you have your dear old pearl, I my little profit, and both of us our agents, in whom to place our implicit confidences.' "In my anxiety," concluded the goldsmith, "to get rid of it, I sold that pearl for five hundred pounds, which was five hundred shillings less than what I first gave for it."

I asked him why he did not prosecute Van Brillen, but he explained that he could think of nothing to prosecute him for. So I rose to go my way, but paused at the exit.

"You haven't, by the by," I asked, "a unique black pearl you would like to sell me?"

He smiled with a touch of melancholy. "No, Sir," he said, "nor do I wish to buy one from you."

"There!" I crowed. "I knew you didn't really trust me."



THE EXCUSE IMAGINATIVE.

Fanatic. "WHY DIDN'T YOU TURN UP FOR GOLF ON SATURDAY?"
Dilettante. "VERY SORRY, OLD CHAP; I WAS CLEANING THE CANARY'S CAGE WHEN THE LITTLE BRUTE KICKED ME. SUCH A QUIET BIRD TOO, AS A RULE."

"Once more, Sir, no. If I had had that other I should have been even more cautious. . . . 'My wife,' he said, 'is so pleased with the pearl that she wires me from Paris to get another near enough in shape to form a pair of earrings. Money is no object, but time (you know what women are) is. I will pay you whatever price you have to give for it, for which I will accept your word, plus twenty guineas for your trouble.'"

"Then he trusted you," said I.

"And I was to be protected in parting with the second just as I had been in parting with the first. I confess that I could not see the catch."

Nor could I, but I did not confess.

"Having with some difficulty, but with less difficulty than I had anticipated, come by an exact replica of the black pearl, I bought it for £1,000, and, having insured it against burglary and



Short-sighted and Loud-voiced Old Lady (at Servants' Registry Office). "MY DEAR, I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THESE AT ALL. WOULDN'T LET 'EM INSIDE MY DOOR."
Niece. "OH, HUSH, AUNTIE! THOSE ARE THE MISTRESSES."

ESSAYS IN EXPLANATION.

Reynolds's Newspaper is authorised by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to say that the postponement of his Land Campaign is entirely due to the state of affairs in the Near East. On the basis of this announcement we venture to append a few specimen letters, which may be found useful to persons suddenly called on to explain their conduct in predicaments liable to censorious interpretation.

To the Manager of Barr's Bank, Ltd.

DEAR SIR,—I have received your letter of the 21st inst., calling attention to the fact that my account is overdrawn and that until the deficit is made good you will be unable to honour my cheques. I hope you will consent to reconsider this decision in view of the perturbed state of Mexico. My sympathies with the insurgents have quite unhinged my equanimity and rendered it impossible for me to attend to business for the last three months. I trust, however, that about the New Year I shall be able to resume work and reduce my deficit. Meantime, let me inform you for your consolation that you are not alone in suffering from this untoward condition of events in the New World. I have only this morning received a letter from Messrs. Sprockett, the agents for the Casanova Motor-car Company, to say that unless I forward

a further instalment of the purchase-money of my car they will put the matter in the hands of their solicitor. But how can I do that when the PRIME MINISTER is suffering from a local swelling?

Faithfully yours, JABEZ BILKS.

To any Fiancée.

MY DEAR ANGELINA,—It is my painful duty to inform you that, after profound and careful thought, I have come to the conclusion that the continuance of our engagement during the present upheaval in China can only be fraught with disaster to both of us. I know that you may have heard rumours to the effect that my action is dictated by desire to contract a marriage with a rich widow, who has threatened me with a breach of promise suit, but this is a cruel calumny. My sympathy with YUAN SHIH-KAI in his painful position is my sole motive in deciding to release you from your engagement.

With sincere goodwill, I remain,
 Your heart-broken EDWIN.

To his former Constituents.

DEAR SIR JONAH,—As I see that erroneous statements have been circulated as to the reasons why I accepted a Peerage I take the opportunity of informing you, as President of the Blackchester Liberal Association, that my decision was in no way governed by any desire for social distinction or any

weakening of my attachment to Democratic principles, but was simply and solely due to the continued unrest in the Hinterland of Morocco. Trusting that you will give this statement the necessary publicity,

I am, Yours faithfully,

GOLDMARK OF BLACKCHESTER.

To Mr. Val. Forsep, Dental Surgeon.

DEAR SIR,—With regard to your reminder that my visit to you is more than due, I regret to have to inform you that the unsettled condition of affairs in Ulster, where my wife's family resides, renders it impossible for me to comply with your request.

Faithfully yours, OWEN DODGSON.

To Mrs. Leo Hunter.

DEAR MRS. HUNTER,—It is quite true that I promised to dine with you on the 20th and that I did not put in an appearance. I certainly ought to have let you know sooner; but how could I come or write when the papers were still discussing the Australian accusations against Leander?

Yours sincerely, DINAH ROWTE.

"Refreshments were provided in the Statuary Hall, and side by side with the Three Graces, bevises of Bradford's beauty might be seen consuming ham sandwiches."—*Bradford Argus.*

Grace before meat we know, and grace after meat, but three graces all through the meal are most unusual.

OUR COLONIES.

V.—NEWFOUNDLAND.

THIS large and patriotic island lies a little this side of Canada, and has a very curious history. Originally discovered by Phœnician whalers somewhere in the B.C. period, it was inadvertently mislaid, and the most diligent search failed to reveal its whereabouts. However, towards the sixteenth century—speaking roughly from memory—a daring adventurer named CABOT stumbled across it again, and the event was duly chronicled in all the periodicals of the day. Extraordinary though it may seem, practically nothing was heard of the island again till it was re-discovered by *The Daily Mail*, since when, of course, it has been constantly in the limelight. We do not think the island is likely to be mislaid a third time, but we confess we have made a careful note of its latitude and longitude on the off-chance that our help will be wanted one of these days.

The climate of Newfoundland is foggy, and the whole place is constantly enveloped in a dense mist. This may account for the remarkable history of the island. However, we have no doubt that this will all be altered in a few years now.

Newfoundland boasts the largest paper factory in the world. It keeps on boasting it. Paper of the most superfine nature is distilled from the carefully conserved falls of some mighty river, and the absolute purity of the article thus obtained fits it admirably for use in modern journalistic enterprise. The only other industry of importance is catching fish and extracting their livers in order to add yet another burden to the lot of the rising generation.

Fishing is, indeed, the most important industry of the inhabitants, though in saying this we mean no disrespect to the paper factory. All the people in the island are enthusiastic anglers, and the whole coastline is occupied by men, women and children eagerly plying the rod. In Newfoundland, to spare the rod is indeed to spoil the child, for in no other manner can the succulent cod liver be obtained.

Though the average person does not know it, the scenery of Newfoundland is magnificent, and, as half the inhabitants are occupied round the coast, there is plenty of room for hunting caribou.

The great difficulty with which Newfoundland has to grapple is that even people who rather want to go there almost invariably get carried past it to Canada. When they try to hark back they eventually arrive in England

again, and so see nothing of the delightful island. It is a great pity, for what with its grand forests, its magnificent waterfalls, its rolling plains, its broad lakes, and its paper factory, Newfoundland is well worth a visit.

The islanders are a very hardy race, and their favourite amusement is to go out in small boats and dodge the Atlantic liners. They pretend they are going fishing, and then sail right to the famous Newfoundland banks, where they know perfectly well they will encounter Atlantic liners. Probably some law would be made to prevent this, but it has been discovered that a liner experiences practically no shock when striking one of the fishing boats, so the authorities don't worry about it. Arrived at the banks, the boats spread out, and wait till they hear the siren of an approaching steamer. The fog makes this sound very deceptive, and, as the steamer is probably travelling at something like thirty miles an hour, it can readily be imagined that the sport is remarkably exhilarating.

Newfoundland is quite an important island, having its own parliament, its own Fishery Act, and its own variety of postage stamp, in addition to the paper factory. In the past its progress has necessarily been retarded by its unfortunate habit of getting lost, but, now that it appears to have definitely overcome this weakness, there should be a great future for the island. Incidentally, the climate is held to be matchless for the complexion.

Mention of Newfoundland recalls another British Colony to mind, and it would indeed be invidious to close this record without some word as to

THE FALKLAND ISLES

which are situate somewhere to the North-East of Cape Horn, and will be treated in the next article.

[This series must now cease.]—ED.

DOUBLE PAINS.

BY A GAMBLING TIRO.

I AM one of the most pitiable men on earth. For why? The horse I backed has won the Cesarewitch. But that surely ought to make you happy, you say: the unhappy people are those whose horses lose races; and so forth. True—ordinarily; but not true in my case, because I have been gambling on a double. I get no money unless a certain other four-legged creature succeeds in coming in first for the Cambridgeshire. I will not tell you its name, but the odds against this combination winning being very heavy I stand to be several hundred pounds the richer after the Cambridgeshire has been run; and that is no small sum to

me and would make it possible to do all kinds of things I want to do.

If only Warlingham had not won the Cesarewitch I should be, in one sense, all right; for all my worries would be over. I should have lost my ten pounds, it is true, but what peace would be mine compared with this fever. For there are two terrible things connected with my double. One is, it is my first, for though I had heard of such things before vaguely I had never ventured into the perilous waters of turf commissions, and naturally I find the experience exciting; and the other is, the Cambridgeshire is not run until October 30, and how I am to get through the intervening days and, worse, intervening nights, is a bitter problem.

My life is already an agony and will become more so. I shall search the papers for news of my horse: his gallops and canters, his "easy miles," his "useful 5 furlongs," his "steady 1½ miles." How the heading, "Latest scratchings," is going to turn my blood cold! how his place in the latest London betting, and latest Manchester betting, whether according to *The Sportsman* or *The Sporting Life*, is going to disturb me! And, worse perhaps than all, the conversation one is bound to hear! The men who tell each other and me the "dead snips" and never allude to my poor choice; the barbers who whisper the very latest into my ear, for whom so far as winning the Cambridgeshire is concerned my horse might never have been foaled. And the articles in the papers, too, by the MAJOR and the SCOUT and the COLONEL and the HEAD LAD and CAPTAIN COE and ROBIN GOODFELLOW and HOTSPUR and all the other profound students of form whose advice it is so dangerous to take, yet who have such a way of seeming to be wise. What a terrible thing if they agree to favour my horse!

But, any way, I am in torment, and no more "doubles" for me—at any rate until the Lincolnshire and Grand National.

The Regimental Pet.

"General Vukotics, with his stag, visited the Servian monastery."

Bristol Evening Times.

"At Bechstein Hall on Friday there is a violin recital by Mr. Vivian Burrows, who will play a 'Romance' by himself during the programme."—*Daily Chronicle.*

Voice from the Stalls: "Look at Mr. BURROWS playing all by himself!"

"Without a word of warning the cows dashed out."—*Motor Cycling.*

They might at least have managed a friendly "Hi!"



Officer (visiting outpost). "IF YOU SAW ONE OF THE ENEMY, WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"
Officer. "SUPPOSE HE WON'T HALT?"

Sentry. "I CALLS 'IM TO 'ALT."
Sentry (with relish). "I TAKES AND 'UNTS 'IM WIV ME BAYONNET."

MORE "DIGRESSIONS."

(This time being passages from the works of E. Bumble Burston, collected and arranged by "Wellbottle.")

WOMEN.

There are some things that women can see with their eyes shut and men not even with a microscope.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

Few women can draw a perfect circle, as Giotto could. Yet how many can argue in one!—*Sarah Prebendary.*

The tragedy of woman is that she is not a man.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*
When a woman laughs prepare for trouble.—*Porridge.*

Women are always sorry when they have so angered a man that he refuses them a new hat.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

"What would a man be without manliness, Courtot?"

"True," he replied, "and yet radishes are forked too."—*Porridge.*

MUSIC.

Music has different effects on different people.—*Sarah Prebendary.*

LIFE.

The other day I bought for a small nephew a box of puzzles. "Do you know what this is?" I asked the shopkeeper. He did not know. "It is Life," I said.—*The Watchwork Papers.*

OMNIBUSES.

They are the *Dreadnoughts* of London, men-of-war of the line; while the taxi is the gunboat and often the destroyer and the Carter Patersons are the ocean tramps.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

POTATOES.

There is something peculiarly attractive in a potato baked in its jacket.—*The Revolution of Catherine Weal.*

INDECISION.

The tragedy of life is indecision. That is why suicides were buried at cross roads.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

GRANDMOTHERS.

"A man may not marry his grandmother, Courtot; or so says the table of affinity in the Church."

"Although Ecclesiastical, it is right," said Courtot.—*Porridge.*

GARDENS.

How beautiful gardens would be were it not for slugs and green fly and wire-worms.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

CHILDREN.

Without the dear children where would the world be? In the process of years it would cease.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

CHEESE.

It was a noble Stilton.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*

FATHERS.

A father with a sense of humour is an impossible thought. Nor could such a monster ever maintain discipline or properly thrash his little son.—*The Greatest Fish in the Sea.*

LEARNING.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. No one who has done a mathematical problem can ever do anything practical.—*The Revolution of Catherine Weal.*

YOUTH.

The wonderful thing about youth is its adolescence. Only time can harm this.—*A Pity it's Terrible Nonsense.*



Martin (anxious to devise some method of detaining his mother). "MUMMY, JUST STAY A LITTLE AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE."

THE BIRTHDAY.

SWEETHEART, where all the dancing joys compete
Take now your choice; the world is at your feet,
All turned into a gay and shining pleasance,
And every face has smiles to greet your presence.

Treading on air,
Yourself you look more fair;
And the dear Birthday-elves unseen conspire
To flush your cheeks and set your eyes on fire.

Mayhap they whisper what a birthday means
That sets you spinning through your pretty teens.
A slim-grown shape adorned with golden shimmers
Of tossing hair that streams and waves and glimmers,
Lo, how you run

In mere excess of fun,
Or change to silence as you stand and hear
Some kind old tale that moves you to a tear.

And, since this is your own bright day, my dear,
Of all the days that gem the sparkling year,
See, we have picked as well as we were able
And set your gifts upon your own small table:

A knife from John,
Who straightway thereupon,
Lest you should cut your friendship for the boy,
Receives a halfpenny and departs with joy.
The burnished inkstand was your mother's choice;
For six new handkerchiefs I gave my voice,

Having in view your tender little nose's
Soft comfort; and the agate pen is Rosie's;
The torch is Peg's,

Guide for your errant legs
When ways are dark, and, last, behold with these
A pencil from your faithful Pekinese!

And now the mysteries are all revealed
That were so long, so ardently concealed—
All save the cake which still is in the making,
Not yet smooth-iced and unprepared for taking
The thirteen flames

That start the noisy games
Of tea-time, when my happy little maid
Thrones it triumphant, teened and unafraid.

So through the changing years may all delight
Live in your face and make your being bright.
May the good sprites and busy fays befriend you,
And cheerful thoughts and innocent defend you;
And, far away

From this most joyous day,
When in the chambers of your mind you see
Those who have loved you, then remember me.

R. C. L.

"Noreen's laugh was as blithe as a bird's."
"Weekly Telegraph" Story.
He. "Listen to the laughing jackass."
She. "Hush, dear, it's only Noreen."



NO PRIZES.

EUROPE. "HI! STOP!" (*They don't.*) "VERY WELL, THEN, I SHALL DISQUALIFY YOU IF YOU WIN."

BALKAN LEAGUE. "ALL RIGHT; WE'LL TAKE OUR CHANCE OF THAT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



BYLES OF BRADFORD with his chicken and egg.

House of Lords, Monday, October 14.—FLETCHER MOULTON, disguised in a scarlet gown, re-named Lord MOULTON OF BANK (Ltd.), entered this morning, took oath and straightway got to work on appeal coming before their Lordships in their judicial capacity. Some curiosity as to particular Bank with which the new Peer has associated his personality and his title. Anyhow sure to be a sound institution.

FLETCHER MOULTON will be a valued, much-needed accession to strength of Ministerialists in this Chamber. Happens by chance that, whilst in the Commons supremacy of Treasury Bench over Front Opposition Bench in debate is overwhelming, reverse is, in degree, the case in Lords. Lord MOULTON OF BANK (Ltd.) will, of course, not sit on Ministerial Bench, but will be at hand when wanted.

One of curiosities of Parliamentary life that a man of such wide experience, such accumulated store of knowledge, such felicity of phrasing did not meet full recognition in the Commons. Parallel to be found in Parliamentary career of that equally great lawyer, HORACE DAVEY. Probably never open-

ing his mouth in court under less persuasion than lurks behind a fee of a hundred guineas, when he rose in the Commons prelude to his speech usually emptied House in space of ten minutes. Former Member for Launceston almost equally effective in that direction. Happily qualities that do not glitter in the Commons frequently shine in the Lords. Baron MOULTON OF BANK (Ltd.) will presently discover that with his new title he has found his right place.

Welcome to him saddened by reflection upon occasion of his change of estate. He comes to his Lordship of Appeal with a seat in House of Lords in succession to Lord ROBSON, only temporarily, everyone hopes, fallen on field of battle with harness on his back. Still in the prime of life as years are counted for public men, reaching the height of a steadily growing reputation, ROBSON was suddenly smitten down, forced to relinquish recently-acquired position on the Bench.

This one of the penalties men of supreme intellectual capacity, with physical organisation too delicate to keep up the pace, pay for privilege of serving the State. It happened

during term of ROBSON's Attorney-Generalship circumstances combined exceptionally to burden his office. In addition to its special duties he was called upon to undertake others extraneous to its range. Came to occupy in the Administration position akin to that of maid-of-all-work in domestic households. He made no complaint, scorned delights, lived laborious days and in due course entered a haven of comparative rest.

One of the best debaters of his time in the Commons, his transference to Ministerial Bench in the Lords promised appreciable measure of redress of the balance of inequality alluded to. It was matter for remark among his Peers that the brilliant ex-Attorney-General habitually abstained from debate. The MEMBER FOR SARK explains. Reason incredible if forthcoming upon less infallible authority. He affirms that one of the honest if not amiable prejudices of the EX-LORD CHANCELLOR was directed against custom of a Member of the Judicial Bench (other than the Lord Chancellor) taking part in political debate. This was with engaging frankness made known to ROBSON, who with

characteristic lack of pushfulness remained a silent onlooker.

Unhampered by this fantasy, restored in health, relieved from judicial duties, he may presently win for himself high place in debate.

Business done.—After sitting for thirty-eight minutes by Westminster Clock adjourned till next Monday.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—Since the remote period when reference to "the story of grouse in the gun-room" thrilled human curiosity there has been no outburst such as that which followed upon BYLES OF BRADFORD'S allusion to-night to "the problem of the chicken and the egg." Earlier in the sitting, emotion had been stirred by HAROLD BAKER'S method of answering questions. In absence of UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA, a happy man who, leaving us to discuss Home Rule with Welsh Church Establishment to follow, is at this moment steaming over sunlit seas on his way to visit the GREAT MOGUL, BAKER was put up to read Departmental answers to Questions. Four in succession on the paper. First related to petty appointment to some office in India. Impressed with gravity of his task, BAKER unconsciously fell into intonation reminiscent of the pulpit. At the end of first five minutes this suggested to irreverent Member opposite the fervent ejaculation "Amen!"

But BAKER hadn't finished yet. As he continued, volleys of ironical cheers accompanied his recitation, reaching climax in burst of applause when at length he reached the end.

Nothing House enjoys more than little joke of this kind, all of its own invention. Thrice more BAKER rose to read a short paper. Ever the cheering recommenced and was continued. On finally resuming his seat, BAKER sat puzzled, wondering what it was all about. Never had he received such ovation since in college days he won the Gaisford Prize.

"And this," said TULLIBARDINE testily, "is the man who brought in a Bill to abolish Plural Voting! If he would cut down his answers instead of other people's franchise it would be more agreeable."

It was just before the guillotine fell for the first time that BYLES OF BRADFORD turned up with his chicken and the egg. House in Committee discussing SANDYS' amendment to Clause II. of Home Rule Bill, limiting legislative power of Irish Parliament to specific objects.

"The problem," said BYLES OF BRADFORD with that air of authority that tames even the Ulster Members, "is the ancient one known as the problem of the chicken and the egg."

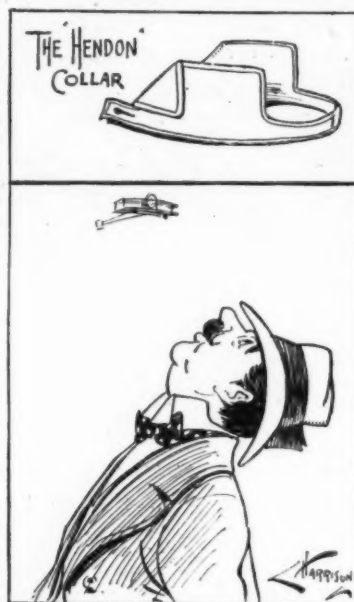
And there he provokingly stopped.

What chicken? Which egg? Members asked each other and Echo forlornly answered What? and Which?

Incidentally, undesignedly, episode had useful effect for Government purpose. Members so absorbed in hunt for clues to the problem that they went out quite quietly for guillotine divisions, even forgetting to cry "Gag" when they were called on.

Business done.—In Committee on Home Rule Bill. Guillotine steadily at work.

Friday.—Reading Life of Lord WOLVERHAMPTON, written by Mrs.



GIVES FREEDOM TO THE NECK AT FLYING MEETINGS.

HAMILTON, a garland laid on a father's grave woven tenderly yet with discrimination. Subject of memoir better known as HENRY FOWLER. His career, lengthened and honourable throughout, shows afresh how open is the race for the Parliamentary Stakes. It was a cherished saying in NAPOLEON'S time that every recruit to the army carried in his knapsack the baton of a Field Marshal. At least equally true that every new Member taking his seat in the House of Commons conceals about his person the seals of a Secretary of State. HENRY FOWLER stepped into the arena with the preliminary disadvantage of age. It is rare indeed for a man who enters this unique assembly at the age of fifty to achieve distinction. The rule of comparative youth is established in the cases of PITT, PALMERSTON, DISRAELI and GLADSTONE.

Returned as Member for Wolverhampton HENRY FOWLER took his seat below Gangway among the Radicals. Constitutionally he was more nearly a Whig than a Radical. As years accumulated, bringing higher position and fresh honours, he further mellowed in that direction. Early made his mark as one of the best debaters in the House. He never aroused enthusiasm; invariably convinced by argument. The supremest effort was his speech on Indian Cotton Duties, which averted what threatened to be disastrous defeat of the Government, establishing in its place decisive triumph in the Division Lobby.

Less commonly appreciated, but not less striking, was his conduct of the Parish Councils Bill in the Session of 1893-4. Having at his back a nominal majority of forty disheartened by action of the Lords in frustrating long labour on the Home Rule Bill, he carried this intricate measure through all its stages without once invoking the Closure. The arduous task brought into play his peculiar characteristics of patience and persuasion. Exceeded in brilliancy by some of his colleagues on the Treasury Bench, he was the only man who could have achieved this endeavour. As HARCOURT, a keen and interested looker-on, wrote to him, "You are the skilful sportsman who has brought your game to the bag."

Whilst yet with us in the Commons HENRY FOWLER did conspicuous service to his Party and—conjunction that does not necessarily follow—to his country. His place has not yet been filled.

Business done.—Debate on foot-and-mouth disease in Ireland.

OUR AWAKENERS.

(Vide Evening Papers *Passim*.)

MR. OTIS P. THRUSTER, who gave the afternoon's address at the International Hustlers' Congress on last Thursday afternoon, is the founder of the School of Business-Booming at Buffalo, and also of Thruster's Vim School in London.

The basic laws of Business-Booming, Mr. Thruster observed, are four in number:—

- (1) Do yourself justice.
- (2) Do the other fellow.
- (3) Get there first.
- (4) Get on or get out.

As regards (1), Mr. Thruster observed that no one could do himself justice who did not do himself well. No one could expect to have a *mens corpore sanum*, as the Roman poet PLUTARCH put it, if he continuously disobeyed the law of physical well-being and failed to stoke the human engine properly. There were thousands of



*Candid Friend (to M.F.H.). "I DON'T THINK MUCH OF YOUR CUB-HUNTERS, JACK."
M.F.H. "THEY'RE VERY USEFUL HORSES; YOU SEE, WE CAN EITHER RIDE 'EM OR EAT 'EM."*

business men who only spent 9d. on their luncheon and then complained of brain fag.

As for (2), competition was the law of life. The real brainy man of business looked his opponent straight in the eye and did him in it. The weaker went to the wall because he needed something to lean up against. It was a merciful compensation and involved no hardship. The strong man, unlike the actor, needed no props. He stood up on his own ten toes and looked the whole world in the face, a boomster and a man.

The third law was perhaps the most important of all. As ELLA WHEELER WILCOX had remarked in one of her most inspired lyrics:—

"You must quicken your pace if in running
Life's race
You intend to attain the first flight;
For the man who gets left is by fortune
bereft,
And seldom or never goes right."

In business there were no second prizes. It was a case of *Et tu Caesar aut nihil fit*.

Finally they were confronted with the law of Kearysism, "Get on or get out." In other words, if a boomster ceased to boom he ought to quit instead of blocking the way for others.

THE BLESSED LAW OF COMPENSATION.

"I never hear a nursery rhyme or an old saying but it comes to me, in this age that trade and politics have made so sordid, like a little cool breeze into a stifling town out of some far quiet hills."—Lord Dunsany in "The New Review."

THE times are out of joint and—curséd spite!—

Do what I will I cannot think them right.

If I look out into the market place,
Alas! I hurriedly avert my face
Lest what I see, above or underneath,
So sordid, shall on edge set all my teeth.
Yet, when my soul despairs of every-
thing,

If I but hear some prattling infant
sing—

*Dickory, Dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,*

I feel upon my fevered brow a breeze
From some far quiet hill, blown for my
ease.

It's just as bad to watch the knavish
tricks

Of those who play the game of politics.
Men in the highest offices of State
Lie, shuffle, limehouse, twist, equivocate.

The Opposition, to their lifelong shame,

Play just the same disgustingly low
game.

Yet hark! Amid the party hurly-burly
There sings a little child (its hair all
curly)—

*Baby, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.*

My drooping wilted soul revives again
Like some poor parched floweret after
rain.

Hard is the poet's lot who has to sing
These present days of sordid huckster-
ing.

Sad is his soul observing with a sigh
The sights that greet his twentieth-
century eye,

The Shopman and the Statesman, both
of these

As like in double-dealing as two peas.
And yet—and yet—sometimes a still
small voice

Is heard that makes the poet's heart
rejoice—

*Sing a song of sixpence,
A pocketful of rye,
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.*

Ah, yes! however out of joint the times
There's ever help at hand in—Nursery
Rhymes!

AT THE PLAY.

A TRIPLE BILL.

It began with *Overruled*, a sad piece of frivolity by Mr. BERNARD SHAW. The scene was a sofa at a seaport. First it accommodated a man and somebody else's wife; then the man's wife and the somebody else; and concluded, from sheer exhaustion, after an *ensemble* (the ladies seated, the men standing) very tedious and *tourmenté*.

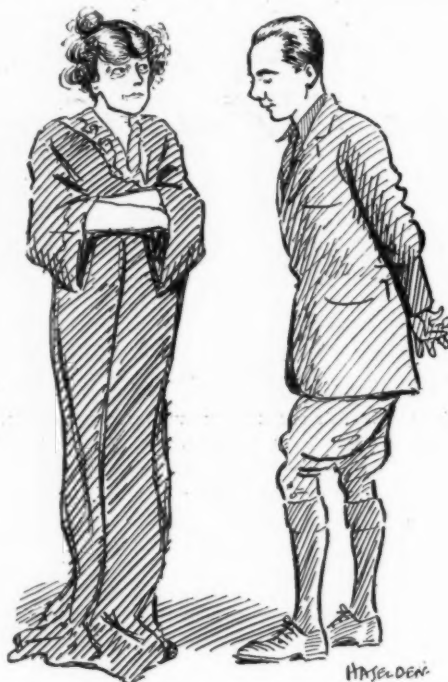
From platitudes we passed to paradoxes in the old manner, with here and there a good thing. There was a little fun about a mutual revelation on the part of the first couple that each was already married. I recall this diversion from a twenty-year-old page of *Fliegende Blätter*—"Ich bin verheiratet!" "Ich auch." There was some more fun, on a lower plane, about a man's promise to his dead mother; and there was one of those deplorable banalities to which Mr. SHAW occasionally descends—a joke about Mrs. Lunn's Christian name of Sally. But the most typical part of the humour was of a more obscure pattern, as when Mr. Sibthorpe Juno said (unless my poor head failed me from dizziness), "I don't object to people saying I have done wrong; but I do object to their saying that what I have done was wrong." I daresay this sort of thing is well enough on paper when you can worry it out; but the stage, as Mr. SHAW knows well and rejoices in his knowledge, is no place for the bandying of such dark pleasantries. "Stop footling," said somebody, "and let's get to dinner;" and this was the best thing said.

As for movement, the actors, of course, had no chance; and the performance had the air of an amateur drawing-room entertainment.

The piece was received with the polite tolerance due to Mr. SHAW's reputation.

Followed *The Widow of Wasdale Head*, by Sir ARTHUR PINERO, a romantic costume "fantasy" of an amazing futility. Looking back, I cannot think how I contrived to sit it out. The young and comely widow, who kept an inn, was suspected by an admirer of secretly entertaining every Friday night at 10 p.m., an amorous visitor. With mighty rumblings the local mountain (Wasdale Head) gave promise of an arresting parturition, but it was the most ridiculous of mice that emerged. It was just the stolid ghost of her husband, who, at the blast of a horn,

made his hebdomadal reappearance with the idea of giving her agricultural hints for the management of her crops and live-stock. He stood at a considerable distance and their relations (taken very seriously) were of a purely platonic order. Finally the dull lover, his suspicions removed, secured the heart of the lady (charmingly played by Miss MARGERY MAUDE), and the last of the ghost was seen through the wall, about to vanish—none knew whither—on a white mare. The best thing in the play was the wind, which whistled very well indeed.



MISS IRENE VANBRUGH (to Mr. DONALD CALTHROP, *Eton and Oxford*). "Thank Heaven, you are true to stage traditions. I was afraid you might be Harrow and Cambridge."

The piece was received with the polite tolerance due to Sir ARTHUR PINERO's repute.

Then, at last, there came Mr. BARRIE'S *Rosalind*, with Miss IRENE VANBRUGH to play it exquisitely. It contained—what the other trifles had omitted—the illustration of an actual idea. Not perhaps a very new one, since the advanced age of some of our ever-green actresses has always been recognised by everybody except themselves and their very young adorers. But Mr. BARRIE, as usual, brought a nice novelty to the presentment of his theme. Mrs. Page, the famous actress, is "resting" at an obscure lodging, dressed in sloppy clothes, hugging the rare delight of feeling her full age ("forty

and a bittock") and posing before her landlady (clever Miss HELEN HAYE) as the mother of herself. Here she meets one of the "boys," who has only seen her hitherto in her war-paint, and (this being a play) he fails to recognise her. To him she reveals her secret, well kept from the audience till within a few seconds of its disclosure. Then comes a telegram from her manager recalling her to the stage; the dormant passion revives; and a swift readjustment of herself at the toilet-table restores her to the twenties.

There is the old blending of tears and laughter which we have come to expect from Mr. BARRIE; the sudden fall from pathos to bathos. But he touches nothing which he does not adorn with his own perennial freshness, and his play just saved the evening from being a fiasco. O. S.

NOTES ON FURNISHING.

Of course if you are not in the "movement" it becomes a simple matter. You merely walk into What's-his-name's or the Thoroughbred Furnishing Co. (after slinking past the corps of gentlemen-at-arms guarding the portal), prostrate yourself before the immaculately-dressed Peer of the Realm who is lying in wait for you behind the third roll of cork lino on the left, and buy as you are bid.

But remember one thing—when buying that saddlebag suite for the dining-room don't be put off with imitation plushette; insist on the real thing—there are no just-as-goods.

And so to Brixton.

But let us suppose you are in the movement, right in. Al't Tootingen is no longer for you.

Chelsea has eaten into your soul, Hampstead is thine, and the Garden Cities of the plain. Painted milking-stools and bamboo easels have become an abomination. Yours shall be the House Beautiful.

The painters and paperhangers have departed, leaving nothing to remind you of their odorous reign but a copy of last night's "2nd extra." All is now ready. Forward the fumed oak for the dining-room. How well it looks. No deep red paper on the walls to fur the tongue and retard digestion, but a cool harmony in green and white. To the north and south may be—there probably are—more desirable havens, but so far as east and west are concerned—well, home is best, at least according to the motto inscribed on the

beam over the fireplace. You have done your duty, no less. Do not lose your temper with the casement that will not open. Summer is coming next year, and the wood will shrink. Wait and see.

While waiting, come to the drawing-room, and it's ho! for the white wall-paper with the vieux-rose spots, and for the pea-green carpet and the pink silk curtains. How admirably the polished mahogany stands out; and the silver cup that Uncle James won at the Podbury Fat Stock Show seems to have an added value against the dark rosewood overmantel. The prints in their archaic frames, the old Sheraton writing table you picked up, are not genuine, never mind, you think they are, and they give the right feeling, and feeling is everything.

We are now in the bedrooms. Yes, wooden bedsteads are much pleasanter to the eye than brass and iron ones, though they possess none of those nice big cool knobs to suck of a morning after a night of pain. To close the bottom drawer of the inlaid dressing chest, lie on your back and use both feet. It is much more effective than the wiggle-woggle action with the hands, and relieves the feelings.

Don't worry about the kitchen. The maids aren't in the movement, anyhow.

TWIN CAREERS.

[Being an attempt by a depressed Law-student, after reading very carefully through his examination paper and realising his incapacity to solve any of the problems put to him, to evolve the life stories of A. and B. who are named as the principal actors in all the incidents described in the several questions and are invariably the designing or suffering individuals referred to in the hypothetical circumstances set forth.]

Or all the men I never knew

And hope that I may never meet

The Messieurs A. and B. are two

Whose goings-on were hard to beat.

In complex quarrelsome affairs,

Were ever lives so rich as theirs?

A. started as an infant; B.,

A tailor, claimed of him to pay

His bill for clothes (a luxury?),

Which naturally nettled A.,

Who thereupon procured a knife

And called on B. and took his life.

De minimis non curat lex,

And B. was soon alive again

And, in a new and gentler sex,

Alleging loss and mental pain

From breach of promise. A. it was

Of whom the damage was because.

B. chose that moment (why?) to drown,

And A., who happened thereabout,

Although he didn't push B. down,

Was careful not to pull B. out,



Commissionaire (to old lady who has been examining all the placards). "STEP INSIDE, LADY, AND SEE THE MOST MARVELLOUS—"

Old Lady. "Oh, ARE THERE MORE INSIDE? WELL, WELL, I THINK THESE ARE QUITE MOVING ENOUGH FOR ME, YOU KNOW."

And thanked his stars and said, "Good-bye!"

But B. was such as do not die.

When A., supposing twice for all

He'd ended B., as well he might,

Proceeded then to build a wall

And block a very ancient light

(A most expensive form of sport)—

You guess who sued the wretch in tort.

Trustee, employer, mortgagor,

Debenture-holder, agent—these

Capacities and many more

A. tried, but there were always B.'s

Who crossed his path and always

scored. . . .

A. died intestate, bankrupt—bored;

And died for good, and B. was left

His tenant (irony!) in tail,

Whose arson, bigamy and theft

Did for a little while prevail,

Till, by a stroke of righteous fate,

B. came to bar his own estate.

From a local paper:—

"The monthly meeting of the Kendal Botanical Society was held at the Library on Monday when the members listened to an interesting account of the life history and structure of British Misses by Mr. James A. Martindale, of Stavely."

But it takes a bigger and bolder man than Mr. JAMES A. MARTINDALE, of Stavely, to fathom their minds.

A CALL TO ARMS.

EVER since the passing of the Finance (1909-1910) Act, 1910, I have been exercising myself to discover a means of humiliating its authors and avenging the unhappy faces and lives of my friends. Two years I have given to the task—years of such utter devotion to thought that my brow is still sodden, like a washerwoman's fingers, from the constant application of cloths, and to this day I cannot approach a cup of black coffee without trembling. I am now able to announce that my scheme is perfected. I take this opportunity of thanking many unknown friends who have awaited the result of my labours with such patient interest, and with their kindly sympathy cheered me in my moments of darkness, at times when a less powerful intellect would have broken down completely under the continuous strain.

There is one thing further I should like to say. In publishing my discovery now for the first time, I think I can fairly claim that the credit is entirely my own. If merit is ever going to be rewarded, the least I can expect, when the Conservatives come again into power, is the refusal of a peerage; yet, if there is nothing else for it, I would accept two seats in the Cabinet, for myself and a friend. One other thing. Josephine particularly asked me to mention that she, for her part, has decided upon the post of female assessor to the Divorce Division of the High Court of Justice, which no doubt could be arranged; and that her young brother, Algernon, rather than hang about home after leaving school, would prefer a stake in the country as Junior Lord of the Treasury—or was it the Admiralty? I forget; I believe she said Admiralty, because of the greater likelihood of there being money in it, with the Conservatives in office again. I think that is all, unless I put in a good word for a cousin on my mother's side, who as Inspector to the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries could find more opportunities for sport than in his present employment.

Now to begin at the beginning I propose to take you back to last summer, i.e., August, 1911, when I was lodging with Mrs. Jones at a place by the sea. Perhaps you don't know Mrs. Jones. But if you do and have ever rented her rooms, you will probably have heard from her own mouth a remarkable epic, the *Odyssey* of her late husband: how, after a brief but singularly crowded matrimonial career, he left sundry small pledges on the hands of his widow, though considerably more in the hands of his pawnbroker; how

none of the former possesses any redeeming feature worth mentioning, evil being transmissible through the male line only; and how the buffetings of fate have reduced her from comparative affluence to the letting of lodgings to handsome young gentlemen at a place by the sea. Little did she dream, as she was bringing in breakfast one morning, surrounded by several small demons, somewhat like those that appear in the Bacchanal procession on the front page of this issue, only dirtier, that the eye of the twentieth century would soon be fastened upon her. For it was then the idea first entered my head, and led me to wonder how much there was in it. Did I say breakfast? I should have said tea, because I remember now that that afternoon it was raining.

Every father, of course, will recall that passage in the Act where it says, I think, that, for purposes of income-tax, all persons with sixteen children shall be entitled to claim a rebate of £160, those again with fifty, a rebate of £500, and so on and so on. Very well; now here is the master-stroke, here is where intellect tells. I propose that all unmarried Conservatives—say, roughly, six million—should bind themselves solemnly by covenant to marry the six million widows with the largest families, before the close of the current financial year. . . . Friends, in response to your repeated and generous calls of "Author!" I beg to thank you for your kind applause. Yes, that would be a nasty one for the Government, indeed! I leave you to imagine the chaos, the panic, the utter disruption of forces, that such concerted action must surely entail. But help is urgently needed. Who will help? One man cannot do it alone. As pioneer of the movement, I would most gladly, nay proudly, have led off the first widow; but Josephine has put her foot down upon that. She contends, I admit with some reason, that my foremost duty, both to myself and my party, is to remain unfettered, unhampered, for the great work that now lies before me. Does anyone know of a bachelor who is prepared to throw himself heart and soul into the cause? If so, let him communicate with me at once, as it is most important. One word more. I need scarcely remind you that in all intrigues of such magnitude little expenses mount up so rapidly that a sovereign is gone almost before the change has had time to get warm. It is a delicate matter, and I will leave it at that. If there should be a surplus, I thought of applying it to the cost of inserting announcements of the weddings in the Liberal papers. But what a revenge!

THE WATER-COLOUR.

It might have helped to fill a space
On some relation's spare-room wall;
It might have shone in pride of place
Upon a missionary stall,
Where Charity—that covers sin—
Or Hospitality had shed
The laurels that you yearn to win—
But, no! you sent it me instead.

And, as I scan this curious view,
It "furiously gives to think;"
The upper-half is mainly blue,
The lower—various shades of pink;
And none, I ween, should ever name
The purport of these mystic tones,
Were it not printed on the frame:
"An Eastern Sandscape—Doris Jones."

But I, whose fate it is to know
The drabness of a desert land,
Who look from out my bungalow
Across infinities of sand,
Could wish that you had sought a theme
In brae and burn, in tree and turf,
Or fixed an exile's fading dream
Of cloud-swept down, of wind-swept surf.

For one who's seen a tropic sky
And knows by heart its sickening hue
Must needs admit it's white and dry,
But, Doris, *never* liquid blue;
And as for sand, the beastly stuff
That gets into your eyes and nose,
It may be yellow, white or buff,
But never this ethereal rose.

And yet I'm glad you didn't send
This symbol of a maiden art
To any caustic critic-friend
Who boasts a less romantic heart;
For he'd have scanned it with a frown
And placed it in a bottom-drawer,
While I—I'll hang it upside down
And call it "Sunrise off the Nore."
J. M. S.

The Chameleon.

From a serial in *Home Chat*:—

"With a bound the little Marchesa sprang to her feet. Dashing her cigarette into the fender, and gathering her white silk wrap about her, she stood there, her brown eyes growing bigger and bigger. . . .
"A mist of tears swam in the Marchesa's child-like blue eyes. . . ."

Should the Marchesa make any further change of eye in the next instalment we will announce it to our readers.

"Cardiff people, who have grown accustomed to seeing the Springboks strolling about, have been greatly impressed by their physique, though they probably do not know that the eight forwards who played against Monmouthshire on Saturday weighed two and a-half tons."—*Western Mail*.

Eight forwards of 50 stone apiece could impress almost anybody.



First Workman (disgusted). "THEM BLINKIN' FURRINERS COMES A 'OBNOBBIN' WIV US IN THE TOODES AND 'BUSES AND, LUMME, THEY GITS TO TORK HENGGLISH VERY NIGH AS GOOD AS ME AND YOU, BILL; NOT 'ARF, THEY DON'T!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Royal Visit to India* (MACMILLAN) the Hon. JOHN FORTESCUE gives an animated account of the expedition of KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY to the greatest dependency of the Crown. Mr. FORTESCUE has earned and is still earning great renown as the historian of the British army, and his narrative of the Indian visit is, if a fault may be hinted, unduly coloured by prejudices engendered by the studies in which he has for so long been honourably engaged. *O que j'aime les militaires* might be his motto, for he loses no opportunity of exalting the Indian soldier at the expense of the Indian civilian. His views, in fact, are those of a military autocrat of a somewhat rigorous type. He charges Lord WILLIAM BENTINCK with having "injured the discipline of the Sepoys still more by abolishing the punishment of the lash in native regiments, in the face of unanimous advice to the contrary both from Europeans and Indian officers." I seem to remember that when flogging was abolished in the British Army military men were almost unanimously opposed to the change. Would any of them care to revert to the old and brutal system now?

In regard to English history as a subject of education for Indians, Mr. FORTESCUE evidently regrets that he was born too late to modify the events of the past. "The most eloquent passages in English history and oratory," he says, "are those devoted to conflict with Royal authority, the dethronement of Kings, and the conquest of what is called civil and religious liberty . . . In any case the classical incidents of English history do not furnish sound models for good citizenship in India." Mr. FORTESCUE must have

been studying *The Pious Editor's Creed* in *The Biglow Papers*. He seems to think that "libbatty's a kind o' thing thet don't agree with" Indians. In fact they must not even read about it. May I suggest, by the way, that it was the war of the Austrian, not, as Mr. FORTESCUE states, of the Spanish, Succession which is remembered for the battles of Dettingen, Fontenoy, &c.? With this slip of his pen my faultfindings cease and I may conclude by congratulating Mr. FORTESCUE heartily on having written a very brilliant and entertaining record of a memorable expedition and a great ceremonial.

The odd thing about Mr. W. B. MAXWELL is that he appears to possess two entirely distinct literary personalities. There is the teller of brisk tales, not too probable, with plenty of bustle and a happy ending, like *Vivien*, for example. There is also the writer who specializes in clever and quite merciless exposure of certain abnormal types of character. Well, in *General Mallock's Shadow* (HUTCHINSON), both these gifted authors appear to have collaborated, with a result, as you might suppose, brilliant but a little disconcerting. I have an impression indeed of Mr. MAXWELL, the mind-dissector, bursting in upon the other one. "My dear fellow," says he, "I've just thought of a splendid idea! What about an old general, broken and disgraced after some incident in a frontier war, living in lonely retirement, and brooding over it? From being a man with a grievance he would slowly develop monomania, and thus gradually become insane. Eh? How does that strike you for a novel, my boy?" "Rotten!" says the other, "unless, of course, you could manage to work in a happy ending." "I might," the first answers, "if you wouldn't mind writing that part." So they set to work, and turned out a book

that for three-quarters of it is as hauntingly clever and depressing as *In Cotton Wool*, and for the remaining quarter develops into a perfect riot of felicity and sentiment. But of course it took some doing. When the strikes began at the local mines, and we were told that the men "showed an ugly temper," I first began to suspect the presence of Mr. *Vivien* MAXWELL. Later, when he took sole command, I confess I gave myself to his guidance with delight, and enjoyed his happy transformation-scenes to the fullest. In short, a story, you observe, to suit all tastes.

SOCRATES, the friend and enemy of my youth, was the very last person I expected to meet in a modern novel. If I had ever conceived the possibility of the *rencontre*, it was to hope that it would never occur, since the atmosphere he carried with him would necessarily be so full of bitter memories as to spoil the novel. Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOL has shown me my mistake in *The Street of the Flute Player* (MURRAY), the action of which takes place in the year of the first production of *The Frogs*. I have now come to the conclusion that the brilliant and gay, splendid and inconsequent Greeks of the classical period must have been the best fellows and the most delightful company in the world. To have attended a little more at school and to have made their proper acquaintance, when opportunity offered, must have been to get a much more accurate idea of the relative importance of art and commerce, business and pleasure, and to learn to live in the glorious present without worrying over the precarious future. But the book is not only a lesson, it is a story of incident and love, and the romance of *Diomed*

and *Nitétis* is all the more charming because one is made to feel that in days when everyone was inspired and none plodded it must have been so much more worth while to love and be loved. The dialogue is a little disappointing in parts, which I attribute to the author's having failed to catch always the spirit of contemporary humour. I do not care to think that old Athens was made to laugh so easily as he would have me at times believe.

The Hon. Mrs. JULIAN BYNG, who has emerged from her mask and published a new novel, *Barriers* (HOLDEN AND HARDINGHAM), under her own name, ought to know more about soldiers than I do. Yet I hope that, if I had lost a leg in the service of my country, I should be more inclined to wave the other one about in the open than to shun human society (my old regiment in particular) and become a morbidly introspective recluse like her hero, *Southminster*. One expects a soldier to accept these chances as part of the great game and not develop the bitter cynicism which might be excusable in a man whose nature had been warped by a trick of Fate at his birth, or an accident in which his honour was not concerned. On another point, too, I can only very grudgingly bow to Mrs. BYNG's judgment. She probably knows more than I do about the effect of thunderstorms on the nerves of a woman whose system is highly

charged with electricity. Yet, for myself, I would never have believed that so common a manifestation of weather could have such a devastating effect on the moral character as occurs in the case of her *Clover Feilding*. Here is a girl whose record of self-respecting independence and virginal aloofness has been established over a matter of some 150 pages; yet suddenly, under the influence of an electric disturbance, following upon an eerie experience of marshland mists, she returns the passion of a man whom she does not love, and in the very house of another man whom she adores. I have a suspicion, possibly unfair to her, that Mrs. BYNG has had certain exceptional traits and temperaments under observation, and that in transplanting them into other types and environments she has overlooked the change of conditions. But the rest of her characters are drawn with great probability, always excepting the wicked Mrs. Craven, whose lurid conversation clearly lies (as is only proper) beyond the pale of the author's experience.

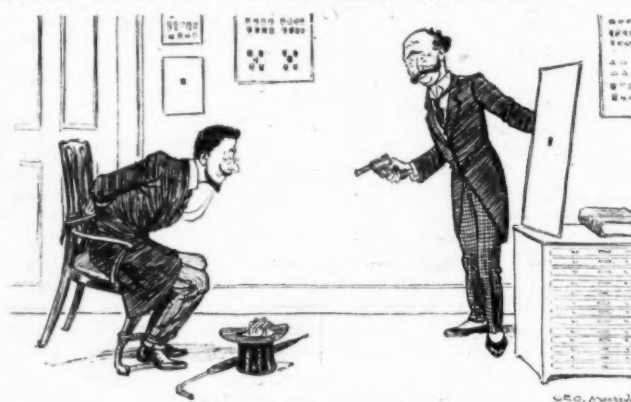
Readers of *Barriers* must not be put off by the author's leisurely method, relieved by one solitary episode and its active results. One is conscious of the enjoyment she takes

in an increased facility of expression, traversing and retraversing the old ground with a sense of delight in her medium. Her feeling for the beauty of the marshland that lies between the low tide and the Norfolk coast has lost nothing of its former freshness. It is a great pity that a book so full of intelligence and quick understanding should be marred by the most desolating punctuation. For this the publisher's reader must be allowed a heavy share of my pedantic indignation.

Since, for so long a time now, not to know

Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE has been to argue oneself unknown, it is hardly surprising that she should have been tempted into a volume of reminiscences. Let it be said at once that many greater names have been put to less readable books. Mrs. TWEEDIE's is called *Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life* (JOHN LANE), and the title has the merit of exactly describing the contents. The notable persons who are at least mentioned fill nine pages of index, and about many of them the writer has some quaint or characteristic story. One thing you will note about Mrs. TWEEDIE's lions; she seems to have found them, those of whom she gives personal recollections, in an amiability which speaks volumes for the charm of the tamer. Even WHISTLER, for example, and W. S. GILBERT, those formidable monsters, roar you in these pages as gently as any sucking dove.

But, after all, the chief interest of the book lies not so much in the great people and events that the writer encountered as in the revelation it gives of a brave and energetic woman cutting her way to success in the face of obstacles. That lends it a dignity of its own, and for that at least it deserves to be read with consideration and respect. Every page of Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE's recollections breathes the content of one who has "arrived" through her own exertions, and doesn't mind showing that she appreciates the fact.



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